

A feeling I want to get used to

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A feeling I want to get used to

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Summary

They stood a few feet apart, just looking at each other for a moment. Gale started to fiddle with the end of his tie with both hands, fingers smoothing over the fabric, but he was looking at Bucky and he was smiling.

“C’mere,” Bucky opened his arms and Gale didn’t hesitate to walk into the circle of them. He felt Gale’s arms wrap around his waist and his face turn into his neck as he brought his own around the smaller man. Letting his face tuck into the blonde hair, he just held him for a minute, eyes closed and breathing. Gale was holding himself a little tense and Bucky hoped it was from the soreness he’d described the day before and not something else. He let his hands rub along Gale’s back, gentle, soothing and he felt Gale relax further into his hold.

He felt lips brush his throat once, twice and then he shivered when Gale tongued over his pulse point, before pressing a kiss there too.

Notes

I just want to explore the tenderness and the soft way they love each other, but I felt like I needed to show their first time for this series to work. Hence, my first attempt at smut.

Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

Chapter 1

“How’s your steak?”

Bucky watches as Gale finishes chewing, watches the movement of his throat as he swallows, watches as he takes his cloth napkin and wipes his mouth, watches him take a sip of water and watches his throat work once more to get it down.

He is going to spend the next three days just watching Gale and the thought would have made him smile if he hadn’t already been smiling since the moment they boarded the train this morning.

They’d dropped their duffels off in the room of their hotel, using one bed as a dresser because it wasn’t going to be used for anything else. A quick walk around the room and a peak into the bathroom had revealed a large clawfoot tub that Bucky was determined to learn if it could fit the both of them at some point this weekend. After trading a few soft, lingering kisses and looks, Bucky had reluctantly suggested they go for a stroll and find a place for the steak dinner he’d promised Gale.

“It’s good,” Gale told him. “Gonna make settling for the chow in the mess hall after this real hard though.”

Bucky laughed. “How ‘bout we just keep our focus here for now, don’t think about Monday.”

Gale gave him a soft look and nodded, stabbing another piece of his steak. “Sounds good to me Bucky.”

They continued to eat, conversation waning as they both savored the expensive meal. Bucky noticed Gale fidget uncomfortably in his seat as he moved his hand up and brushed his fingers against the worst of the bruising still lingering around his temple. The stitches would need to come out early next week. He wondered if the bus and the train rides, followed by a longer than planned walk through the busy streets of London had been too much for the still healing man and immediately felt guilty.

“You alright?” He asked softly. Their corner table was a decent distance from the other tables, but Bucky knew Gale didn’t like the attention. “Head hurtin’ you?”

Gale shook his head, "Not really, no worse than a normal headache."

Bucky pulled a face, finding nothing normal about Gale having any kind of ache but decided not to push it when he saw that Gale wasn't done speaking.

"Feel like people are starin' at me," he admitted, hunching his shoulders a bit. Bucky looked around and saw that he wasn't exactly wrong. People were looking in their direction and most of the gazes he found were focused on Gale. They were in their dress uniforms and while the site of American Airmen, Soldiers and Sailors was far from uncommon, Bucky doubted the civilians were used to seeing any evidence of the violence they faced. The visible wounds littering Gale's face were catching a lot of eyes.

The table closest to them contained three women, dressed to the nines and all staring at Gale, talking to each and giggling behind their hands. When he looked back at Gale, he saw that the other man had angled his body away from them and while he'd been happily enjoying his meal before, now he was pushing the food around his plate and staring at the table.

Bucky returned his gaze to the other table and cleared his throat loudly. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Gale's head snap up to look at him, but he kept his face turned towards the other table where all three women were now looking at him. He threw his best glare in their direction and felt no guilt at the startled looks on their faces because they finally turned away and stopped staring at Gale.

"Bucky," Gale scolded quietly. "Cut it out."

Bucky turned his glare around the other tables in their vicinity for a moment, meeting several pairs of eyes that quickly turned away upon meeting his. When he turned back to Gale, he grinned.

"Better?" He asked.

"You're ridiculous," Gale laughed, shaking his head. But he put another bite of steak in his mouth and started to chew so Bucky was going to call it a victory.

He'd promised him a weekend of care and he'd be damned if they started this whole thing off with Gale feeling uncomfortable at their romantic dinner.

"What do you think of the city so far?" Gale asked him.

“Think I don’t care what city I’m in long as I’m with you,” Bucky tells him, hoping to get a reaction and he’s not disappointed at the eyeroll he gets.

“I’ve never been in a city this big,” Gale tells him. Thinking of Wyoming and the oil fields he knows that other man had grown up on, that fact doesn’t surprise him.

“Me either,” Bucky admits.

“Yeah?” Gale asks, surprise in his voice.

Bucky nods. “Manitowoc isn’t exactly small, but it is compared to this place and I didn’t really get out of Wisconsin much before joining up.” He eats a few more bites from his own plate before continuing. “My dad took me to Chicago when I was kid once though. Saw the Cubs play the Yankees at Wrigley Field.” He smiled at the memory.

Gale was looking at Bucky, eyes light and smile fond. He looked happier than he had just a few minutes ago, as if learning a meaningless fact about Bucky had brightened his evening. And Bucky supposes maybe it did, because every new thing he learns about Gale thrills him too, no matter how insignificant a fact. There’s nothing insignificant about Gale in Bucky’s opinion.

“Were you rooting for the Yankees?” Gale asks him.

“Course I was Buck,” Bucky laughs. “And they won too. It was the best day of my life back then.”

Gale smile grew.

“Now, the dream is to see them play at Yankee Stadium,” Bucky admitted. It’d always been a dream of his. “New York City probably puts London to shame.”

“Well, no one’s bombed it, so you’re probably right Bucky,” Gale teased, but the mention of what was happening outside the bubble of their corner threatened to sober the mood, so Bucky pushed through.

“Would you let me take you to a game Buck?” he asked, shoveling the last of his steak into his mouth as he waited for an answer. He chewed slowly, wanting to savor the end.

Gale looked at him thoughtfully, taking a deliberately long time to consider the question. The smirk threatening the corner of his mouth

told Bucky he was being teased, and he loved it.

“Think I’d hate New York City,” Gale admitted, and Bucky couldn’t help but feel a flicker of disappointment. “But yeah, I’d let you take me to game at Yankee Stadium.”

“Really?” Bucky couldn’t keep the surprise or the excitement out of his voice and Gale laughed at him.

“Well, I like peanuts,” Gale explained. “And I like hotdogs. And I like you. So I think I could handle an hour or two sittin’ through a game.”

Touched, but never one to give up the chance to poke good-natured fun at Gale’s obtuseness when it came to sports, he smiled back. “Average professional baseball game is actually three hours Buck. And if they have to go into extra-innings, well I’ve seen em last 4 hours before.”

Gale’s eyes widened a bit and Bucky laughed at him.

“No take-backs Buck,” he said, pointing a finger across the table at him. “You’re going to your first ever baseball game with me, soon as we get back stateside.”

For a second, Gale looked like he wanted to argue, but then his expression went back to that soft, fond one Bucky loved and sighed, leaning back in his chair.

“Alright,” he said. “Something to look forward to.”

They both new the importance of thinking of the future as something tangible, something that was inevitable when they were constantly put in situations where futures were blown out of the sky in an instant. If a trip to NYC and Yankee stadium gave them both a little hope, Bucky was happy with it.

He eyed Gale’s plate, saw that it was empty as well and started looking around for their waiter. When he caught his gaze, he made a motion indicating they were ready for the check and then looked back at Gale.

Gale was already watching him, amusement in eyes. “So, what’s next Major?”

“Figured we’d head back to the hotel, see where the evening takes us.”

He kept his tone light, but inside, his heart had picked up a bit.

“No stop at a fancy bar?” Gale asked, leaning forward a little, subtly stretching out his sore back. The sight made Bucky wish he could reach out and touch him. “You don’t want a whiskey before turning in?”

“Sure don’t,” he said, smiling but serious. He wasn’t going to mention it, but he didn’t plan on touching a drop this weekend. He wasn’t risking dulling any of his senses. He was experiencing three days with Gale as his full self, nothing to numb or assist.

The waiter dropped two checks at their table and Bucky took his money clip out of his jacket. He put cash on his bill and then reached over and put some on Gale’s as well.

Gale looked up at him curiously, so he shrugged and smiled back and made sure his voice was low enough only Gale could hear him. “This is a date, Buck. What kind of gentleman would I be if I let you buy your own dinner?”

The blush that painted Gale’s cheeks made his smile widen.

“Can I take you home?”

Gale looked at him, cheeks still red, smiled Bucky’s favorite shy smile and said, “Please.”

The walk back to the hotel felt different than their walk to the restaurant. Bucky chose a straighter path, no longer interested in wandering down side streets and taking in the unfamiliar sites. He wasn’t in London for the sake of London. He was here to be with Gale and looking over at the other man, he knew the sentiment was a shared one. They walked close enough together through the busy streets that their shoulders kept brushing. Whenever someone came too far into Gale’s space, he pushed closer to Bucky. It made Bucky straighten his posture, square his shoulders, as if making himself bigger could create a bubble; a barrier between the two of them and the rest of the world.

He let his hand press to the small of Gale’s back as he guided him around the final corner and onto the street their hotel was on. The light touch lasted only a moment, but Gale still looked up at him from under his lashes and smiled. The air of anticipation between them was

like a string pulled tight. Bucky wondered if Gale's hands were sweating too as he focused on breathing.

Much to Bucky's frustration, they weren't alone in the elevator. Another couple in formal ware entered at the same time as them and didn't even press a button as they happened to be going to the same floor. Both people looked at them as the elevator began to lift, eyes lingering on Gale's face and Bucky moved so that his shoulder was in front of Gale's, blocking him slightly from their stares. They seemed to get the hint, and both turned to stare at the closed doors. Bucky felt Gale's knuckles dragging up and down his spine and he smiled, relaxing into the gesture.

When they reached their floor, the other couple went left, and Bucky and Gale went right. It only took a few minutes to get their door open and Bucky opened it and swung his arm dramatically, gesturing into the open door.

"After you, Major," he gave a little bow and Gale dug his elbow playfully into his ribs as he walked through.

When Bucky turned around after closing the door and then triple checking the locks had engaged properly, Gale had removed his jacket and was toeing off his shoes, so Bucky took a deep breath and did the same.

They stood a few feet apart, just looking at each other for a moment. Gale started to fiddle with the end of his tie with both hands, fingers smoothing over the fabric, but he was looking at Bucky and he was smiling.

"C'mere," Bucky opened his arms and Gale didn't hesitate to walk into the circle of them. He felt Gale's arms wrap around his waist and his face turn into his neck as he brought his own around the smaller man. Letting his face tuck into the blonde hair, he just held him for a minute, eyes closed and breathing. Gale was holding himself a little tense and Bucky hoped it was from the soreness he'd described the day before and not something else. He let his hands rub along Gale's back, gentle, soothing and he felt Gale relax further into his hold.

He felt lips brush his throat once, twice and then he shivered when Gale tongued over his pulse point, before pressing a kiss there too.

Keeping one hand pressed to the flat of Gale's back, he leaned back slightly and used his other to cup the side of his face and turn him towards him. Bucky looked into those blue eyes and then leaned in,

watched them close right before he closed his own as their lips met.

They kissed like that, just a soft press of lips for a few moments and Bucky sighed into the familiar action, relaxing his stance and pulling Gale tighter against him. Gale's tongue brushed over his bottom lip and then grazed his own, searching, before retreating. Bucky chased it and tasted their steak dinner, peppermint and something so uniquely Gale that it made him search out more. He let his tongue explore Gale's mouth and was being met with matching intensity from the man in his arms.

Gale let out a soft moan that went straight to Bucky's groin and he felt that warm burn of arousal in his stomach. When Gale shifted closer and sucked on his tongue, their hips aligned, and Bucky could feel that Gale was getting equally worked up.

This had happened before and each time they'd separated their bodies a little and let their kisses lose the fervor, but they didn't need to do that this time and that thought made Bucky's head swim.

Bucky broke the kiss to nose along Gale's jaw, pressing kiss after kiss until he reached his long neck and kissed that too. He licked and imagined sinking his teeth in, sucking on the skin there until it turned red and then purple and then stayed there for days. A new bruise for Gale, not made by violence but by love and when people stared at it they'd know it was Bucky who put it there. That it was Bucky he belonged too. *One day*, he thought and then continued lavishing attention on Gale's throat.

Another soft moan broke through Gale's lips as he tipped his head to give Bucky better access. Bucky could feel the tight press of his trousers against his growing erection, and he shifted his hips, but that just brushed it against Gale's hardness which caused him to jump slightly and make a rather undignified noise that Bucky just found endearing as hell.

Bucky pressed a final kiss to Gale's throat before moving up and cupping both hands on Gale's cheeks and licking into his mouth once more.

He felt like electricity was flowing through his veins and realized that it had never felt this way with anyone else before. It didn't surprise him; he'd never felt half of what he feels for Gale for another person, but he was suddenly overwhelmed by how much he was feeling as Gale pressed further into him and returned the kiss, slender fingers

finding the knot in his tie and starting to tug. And he realized he had to tell him. And he had to tell him now.

He pulled back slightly and smiled when Gale chased his lips, eyes still closed. He pressed one more light kiss in before sliding his hands down past Gale's shoulders and ribs and finally resting them on his hips, the curve of that slim waist fitting perfectly in his grasp. He gave him a squeeze and watched as blue eyes blinked open slowly, pride swelling as he took in the slightly hazy look in them.

"What's wrong?" Gale asked, voice raspy. He was still holding Bucky's tie at the knot and he let his fingers slide down until he was just grasping it at its end. "Did I..."

"Nothing, absolutely nothing's wrong," Bucky cut him off before he could even form the words. "You're perfect." Bucky kissed the blushing cheek and felt it grow warmer under his lips.

"Then why'd you stop?" Gale asked quietly, assessing him.

"Because I have to tell you something," Bucky breathed out and then breathed in again deeply. He hated that his words made Gale look nervous, but he was nervous too and he needed to get this out.

Gale brought a hand up and caressed his face, "Okay."

"I love you," Bucky said, staring straight into those blue eyes and he was impressed with himself that his voice came out steady because it felt like his heart was going to beat out of his chest and his knees began to tremble. Gale's eyes widened and he sucked in a breath, his hand falling to land on Bucky's shoulder.

"I love you," Bucky repeated the words. "I've been wanting to tell you for months now. I think I've known it for years. I just needed to say it now, before I ended up saying it for the first time in the heat of the moment."

He felt like Gale was staring straight into his soul, but he kept his eyes locked on his and continued.

"I couldn't let the first time you heard the words *I love you* from me be in any scenario where you'd doubt for a second that it's true or think that I didn't mean it. Because I do, mean it. I mean it more than I've ever meant anything in my life. I'm in love with you Gale."

Gale's mouth was parted slightly, and he was still staring at Bucky

with wide eyes so Bucky gave his waist another squeeze before closing his eyes and pressing their foreheads together.

“Buck,” he whispered after a few moments of silence. He brought his hands back up to cup those cheeks again, but when he did, they touched moisture and he reeled his head back to stare at Gale.

Silent tears had escaped both eyes and more were pooling in the corners. He wiped them away with his thumbs, feeling distressed when more followed.

“Please don’t cry, Gale,” he practically begged. “You’re killing me here.”

The head in his grasp shook and he felt Gale’s hands wrap around his wrists, his hands still framing that beautiful face and his heart skipped when he saw the smile blooming, a real, full one. He moved his hand a little so he could see his favorite dimple.

“Good tears,” Gale breathed out, looking at Bucky with what he couldn’t think of any other name for than wonder. “They’re good tears, Bucky. Happy ones.”

“Happy tears,” Bucky said slowly, still using his thumbs to swipe them away. “I think I can work with that.” Gale chuckled and just kept staring at him.

“Talk to me Buck,” Bucky pleaded. “Tell me what’s goin’ through that beautiful mind of yours.”

“Few things,” Buck said, still smiling.

“No one’s said those words to me in probably twenty years,” Gale told him and Bucky felt like someone had punched him in the stomach. His expression must have changed because Gale shook his head again. “I don’t want your pity John, just wanted you to know.”

It’s not pity, he wants to say, but keeps his mouth closed and nods, encouraging Gale to continue.

“Two, I think this might be the best night of my life,” his words made Bucky heart, which had started to cooperate with him again, pick up its pace. The hands around his wrists squeezed.

“And I love you too John,” Gale said bringing their foreheads back together. “More than I ever thought I could love a person. So much it

scares me sometimes.” The last words are spoken barely above a whisper and Bucky kisses them away before pulling back and looking into his eyes again, smiling so big his cheeks hurt.

Gale’s smiling too, a calm gentle one.

“Don’t be scared of it Buck, nothing to be scared of when we’re together.”

“Okay,” Gale said and then pulled him closer by the tie, licking into his mouth. Bucky couldn’t stop the moan from escaping his mouth as Gale’s tongue caressed his own. He slid his hands back down to that slim waist and then feeling bold, he let his hands slide over Gale’s ass, not lingering even as he felt his hips hitch forward at the touch. The kiss grew sloppy as Bucky leaned slightly, hands gripping the meat of firm thighs and lifting.

Gale broke the kiss and let out a yelp and Bucky couldn’t help but laugh at him a little. He used the other man’s surprise to maneuver him and with an encouraging pat to the back of his thigh, Gale wrapped his legs around his waist.

He had to look up to see his face and when he did, he smirked. Gale’s pupils were blown wide and he was staring down at Bucky with his lips parted, hands planted on his shoulders.

“Alright there, Major?” he asked, and Gale seemed to break out of his daze.

He cleared his throat before answering, “I can’t kiss you from up here.”

Bucky laughed and started to walk, still looking into Gale’s eyes, which got wider as he moved.

“Just a method of transportation, purely temporary,” even as he said the words he began lowering Gale until he was on his back on the large bed, feet planted on the ground. He stood over him and took him in. His face was flushed, it seemed to travel all the way down his neck. His shirt was rumpled, and he’d hate that in the morning. His pleated trousers were tented obscenely and Bucky felt his mouth water before bringing his gaze back to his face.

“I have legs Bucky,” Gale pointed out, amusement in his eyes.

“You liked it though,” Bucky told him, not even trying to keep the

smugness out of his voice.

Gale's blush deepened but he didn't deny it. He pushed himself up on his hands and scooted forward until he was sat on the edge of the bed and Bucky whined.

"No, I wanted you there," pouting as he pointed at the bed and whining again as Gale stood.

"You missed an important step," Gale told him, and Bucky's gaze followed his hands as they went to unknot his tie. It took him only a few seconds to pull the tie over his head and then he was reaching for Bucky's which was pulled away moments later.

There's a fire in Gale's eyes as he steps closer, and his deft fingers start working open the buttons of Bucky's uniform shirt. He tugs it free from his waist band and off his shoulders and then turns away and Bucky gapes at him as he starts to shake it out as if he's going to take the time to fold it. Bucky surges forward and snags it out of his hands before throwing it on the floor. Gale looks at him with narrowed eyes and John laughs.

"Leave it, you neat freak," John tells him. He returns the favor and unbuttons Gale's shirt, freeing him from it and tossing it to join his on the floor. Gale makes a frustrated noise and Bucky cuts it off by bringing their mouths together. He lets his tongue stroke Gale's as he undoes his own belt and then the others, lets his fingers linger on the button of Gale's trousers, his pinky caresses his stomach until he feels a nod. Permission granted he doesn't waste any time and moments later they're breathing into each other's mouths in just their undershirts and skivvies.

Gale steps back and removes his t-shirt, eyeing John until he does the same.

He takes him in again, without the layers, and he's so damn beautiful. His eyes trail down his slim but well-muscled chest and toned stomach, stopping at the evidence of how much this effecting him. When he looks back up, Gale is staring at his groin, and he doesn't look nervous, he looks desperate.

"Lay down," he hears himself say, voice coming out husky. "Please."

Gale locks eyes with him and keeps eye contact as he sits down and then scoots back, keeps watching him as he moves until he's finally lying on his back, waiting for Bucky to move.

Bucky gets his knees on the bed and crawls up it, over Gale until he's covering him and then slowly lowers himself down, licking into Gale's mouth again as he settles his weight. Gale makes a punched-out noise into his mouth when Bucky shifts his hips and presses down when their cocks align. The hot drag of it through the thin material of their skivvies has Bucky panting, the pleasure of it overwhelmingly good for a bit of dry humping, but then he figures it's because it *means so much more* because it's Gale.

Gale's hands find his back, fingers scraping nonsense patterns over his skin as Bucky grinds his hips down, punching a low moan out of Gale. It feels too good and it's not enough. He breaks the kiss and pulls back until he's sitting on Gale's thighs.

It's the prettiest picture he's ever seen, looking down. Gale's lips are kiss swollen and red, his hairs a mess and he's moving his hips in little thrusts as if searching for friction as he looks up at Bucky.

"Touch me," he breathes out and Bucky's cock twitches at that desperate tone. "Please," he adds and Bucky's a goner.

He slides his fingers under the waistband and pulls Gale's skivvies down, lifting himself so he can slide them down his legs. He feels Gale shift to kick them off and then his brain short circuits as he looks back down.

He's seen Gale soft in the shower, felt him hard through thick wool pleated pants when they make-out for rare uninterrupted stretches of time. But now he gets to look. He takes in the trim waste, the dusting of light blonde hair that trails down from his stomach to his groin and curving up towards belly is the prettiest cock he's ever seen. Flushed red, already smearing wetness on his stomach from how keyed up he is. It's smaller than his own and all Bucky can think about is that it looks like it would fit in his hand perfectly, fit in his mouth perfectly.

"Quit staring," Gale's raspy voice drags his eyes back up. Gale is blushing beat red, but he's smiling. His hands have found their way onto Bucky's thighs and it makes him shiver when he scrapes his fingernails through the coarse hair there.

"I'm not staring," Bucky tells him. "I'm admiring the prettiest cock I've ever seen." He figures he already thought it, might as well say it.

One of Gale's hands trails higher, over the edge of his skivvies and up until soft fingertips trace over his cock through the fabric. His hips jolt and he lets out a moan as Gale puts more pressure into his touch,

fingers grazing the head and thumb rubbing over the damp spot that's forming.

"You're big," Gale breathes out, sounding awed and Bucky looks at him. Gale's staring at where his fingertips are smoothing over Bucky's cock. He finally looks up and meets his eyes. "You're real big, Bucky." He smiles.

"That okay?" Bucky asks.

"Yeah," Gale says, his fingertips run along his cock one more time before moving up and tucking under his waistband. "It suits you." He tugs at the elastic under his fingertips and Bucky takes the hint, lifting his hips and tugging, legs twisting awkwardly and Gale laughing at him until he's finally free.

Bucky runs his hand up Gale's stomach and chest, thumbing over his nipples and getting a groan in return. He leans back over until he can press their lips together and then he's lost for a bit. The hot drag of his cock over Gale's without a barrier makes him see stars and from the way Gale has clutched both hands onto his back, fingernails scraping, he feels it too.

They exchange sloppy kisses, too much tongue and teeth, until Gale is just panting, eyes squeezed shut as he raises his hips to meet Bucky's as he grinds down.

"What do you want?" Bucky breaths, face pressed to Gale neck, mouthing below his jaw.

"I don't know," Gale's voice comes out strangled, rough. "Can you touch me?"

And it hits Bucky all over again that this is Gale's first time. No one has ever seen him like this, no one has ever touched him in this way, no one has ever heard him moan or seen him come. Bucky slides down, trailing kisses down Gale's chest.

He slides his hand down and feels his fingers glide through the mess Gale has already made on his stomach. He's never seen anyone leak so much without even a hand and it makes him feel good that he can make Gale feel this good. He lets his palm slide through the mess and then curls his palm around Gale's cock, stroking up and gathering more wetness from the tip. He pulls a hardened nipple into his mouth at the same time and sucks.

The breathy, punched-out noise Gale makes at the sensations has him looking up and he sees that Gale has covered his face with his arm.

He keeps stroking his cock, keeping his grip light, movements slow as he continues to move down Gale's body. Licking and kissing as he goes. The drag of the duvet against his own hardness feels divine, but he ignores it, focusing on Gale's pleasure. He's nestled between strong thighs when he decides to be a little selfish and plants his lips on the skin next to Gale's hipbone. He bites gently and soothes with his tongue and then sucks and increases the pressure of his grip on Gale's cock. He feels Gale's thighs start to shake and he can see the muscles in his abdomen twitch.

Then there's a hand in his hair, gripping loose to his curls and he hears himself moan.

"Feels," Gale breathes out. "Feels too damn good, John."

Bucky presses a lingering kiss to the mark he just created and rests his cheek on Gale's hip, head turned so he can watch the head of his cock disappear then reappear from his fist. The sight of it makes his own cock twitch and he grinds down against the bed.

"It's supposed to Gale," he feels drunk as he stares at Gale's cock in his hand, watches Gale move his hips, thrusting into the pressure. He wants to do this all day, every day forever.

"I can't," Gale says around a groan. "I can't last. Gonna come, you gotta stop."

Bucky stills his hand immediately at the words but doesn't let go, he turns his head so his chin is resting on Gale's hip and he can look up at his face, still hidden by his arm.

"I want you to come Gale," Bucky tells him. "I want to watch you come."

Gale's hips have stopped moving, but his thighs are still shaking and he's panting. Bucky can feel him leaking over his hand, still wrapped around his cock.

"Look at me Gale," he begs. "Let me see you."

Gale moves his arm and lifts his head and looks down at him and he looks debauched. *I did that to him, I made him feel like that*, he preens inside and he grinds his hips against the mattress. He shoots Gale a

questioning look and gives his cock a squeeze.

It makes Gale groan and throw his head back, hips twitching again.

“I don’t want it to be over,” Gale says quietly enough that Bucky almost misses it.

Bucky releases him and pulls himself up until he can slide his tongue into his mouth again. He licks into him and grinds his hips down once, letting Gale feel what he’s doing to him. Before pulling back a little. He rests his hips flush against Gale’s and looks into his eyes.

“It’s not going to be over, Gale,” he tells him softly. “You’re going to come and then I’m going to come. And then we’ll cuddle. And then I’m going to make you come again and again. I’m giving you a massage, making you come, maybe a bath and then more of this. I’m not letting you out of this room for three days Buck.” Gale still looks wrecked but he’s smiling huffing soft laughs. “Okay?”

“Okay,” Gale agrees and then he rolls his hips up as if chasing the friction now that he knows this isn’t it. Bucky slides back down and pins his hips.

“Can I put my mouth on you Gale?” He asks. “First time I make you come, I want it to be in my mouth.”

He feels Gale’s cock twitch against his stomach, and he smiles at the groan Gale lets out at his words, he’s nodding his agreement and Bucky’s already sliding down. He props himself up on one elbow and uses his free hand to grip Gale’s cock. He stares at the liquid pearling at the tip for one moment before licking over the slit.

“You’re gonna kill me,” he groans and Bucky laughs.

“Nah,” Bucky responds. “I’m gonna take care of you.”

He closes his lips over the tip and savors the salty taste, moaning and grinding his cock into the bed. His eyes slide closed as he takes Gale all the way in, swallowing around him once. And then there’s a hand in his hair, pulling and Gale’s hips stutter at the same time his breathy voice warns him, “John, I’m gonna...” but he doesn’t finish his sentence as it trails off into a low moan as he spills into Bucky’s mouth.

Bucky feels his own cock twitch as his mouth is flooded with Gale’s release. He groans deep in his own throat and relaxes the muscles in it

as Gale's hip start to pump as he chases his own pleasure. He keeps him in his mouth even as Gale finally stills, aside from fine tremors running through his whole body. The hand still in Bucky's hair starts petting him, soothing him as Bucky moans around the softening cock in his mouth.

He doesn't think anything has ever felt better in his life than making Gale come. He wants to do it again and again and again. Gale tugs his hair gently and he opens his eyes to meet blue eyes, blown wide and watching him in wonder again.

"Bucky," he hisses, hip stuttering a little, and Bucky lets his cock slide from his mouth, realizing it must be reaching the point of too sensitive. He presses a light kiss to it in apology. And Gale looks at him with the dopiest smile he's ever seen.

"Get up here Bucky," he drawls and Bucky obeys immediately.

He crawls up Gale and falls with no grace on top of him, feeling sex-drunk and so damn happy. Gale runs gentle fingers over his cheeks, his forehead through his hair and then kisses him softly and says, "I love you."

Bucky moves his hips, grinding against Gale's thigh and moves when Gale pushes him gently off him and onto his back.

Gale holds himself over him and all Bucky can do is look up at him and smile as Gale leans down and licks into his mouth, groaning when he tastes himself of Bucky's tongue.

His hips thrust up when slender fingers wrap around his cock and he doesn't bother to stop the moan falling from his lips straight into Gale's mouth as Gale strokes him with confidence. It takes less than a minute for his whole body to shake as he falls apart in Gale's hands, too keyed up and practically on the edge already just from getting Gale off.

Next thing he knows, he feels kisses being pressed to his face and a hand soothing through his hair. He blinks his eyes open, doesn't really even remember closing them and sees blue eyes, shining with emotion looking down at him.

"You back with me?" His favorite voice in the world asks him and he smiles up at him and hums.

"Did I go somewhere?"

Gale looks concerned and amused as he continues to stroke his hair. "It was like you blacked out for a second. Was afraid I broke you." He says it like a joke, but Bucky knows him too well and he can see the nerves behind his smile.

"You were perfect Buck," he tells him. "I've never come so hard in my life. Literally knocked me out." He tried to joke back but there was too much truth behind it, he'd never felt like that before in his life and this had just been a hand job. But it wasn't *just* anything with Gale involved. And he knew that from this point on, he never wanted to be with anyone else as long as he lived.

He reached up and brushed his hand through Gale's hair and then he gripped the back of his neck and pulled him down until he could tuck him against his chest, wrapping one arm around his waist and bringing his other arm across his body so he could nestle a hand in the messy blonde locks.

He felt Gale relax against him and he placed a kiss to the top of his head.

"That was your first time," he said, keeping his voice quiet. The room was warm and peaceful, and Bucky wanted them both to bask in the afterglow. Gale's arm wrapped around his waist and squeezed.

"Yeah," Gale said into his chest.

"Felt like my first time too," Bucky admitted. Gale shifted a little in his arms, but Bucky scratched his scalp and kept him pressed to his chest. "I've been with women, a few men." He felt Gale tense briefly and he squeezed him a little, kissed his head again. "But doing that with you, it's never felt like that before. I've never felt like that before."

He feels Gale press a kiss to his chest.

"Was it good for you?" Bucky has to ask, even though he knows from his reactions that it was. "Was it what you thought it would be?"

Gale's quiet for a moment before he takes a deep breath and releases it slowly. When he speaks, Bucky ends up hanging on every word.

"I used to think there was something wrong with me," Gale spoke into the quiet room and Bucky's heart cracked. "I only ever kissed Marge before you and it only took the one time to know it wasn't something for me."

Bucky had heard that story, knew that Marge had been there for Gale when they were teenagers and Gale discovered that he doesn't feel any kind of attraction to women. And she'd supported him and cared for him and been his friend and Bucky loves her for that.

"I never met anyone worth risking it for, not with how my old man was, how the world is," he continues. "And then I joined up and met you. When you'd drag me out to the bars in Texas and then here in England and I'd listen to all of you talk about your conquests and I just wanted to crawl in a hole somewhere."

"Buck," he says, voice pained. Gale's words make Bucky want to crawl in a hole somewhere right now. Gale shushes him and rubs slow circles into his hip.

"I'd lay in my rack and think about the men I could've tried to make it with," Gale breathes out. "Just so I'd have something in my mind to compare it to when I'd hear your stories."

The thought of some other man with his hands on Gale, with his mouth on Gale makes an ugly feeling crawl up his throat. He tightens his hold around the slim waist under his hand and pushes the thoughts out of his mind.

"But then I realized what I felt for you and I stopped thinking about missed opportunities and just started imagining them with you. Long before you ever even looked at me like that I'd already dreamed up a whole imaginary life with you." Buck laughed low and it sounded self-deprecating, and Bucky hated it, but his insides warmed at the words. He hadn't known that.

"Well that's a lie," Bucky tells him gently. "Cause I looked at you that way the first day I met you. Even back then, scrawny and skittish, you were the most beautiful person I'd ever seen."

Gale pinches his side, "Hush, you. Let me finish."

Bucky kept stroking his hair.

"I'm twenty-six years old and I just had someone touch my cock for the first time," Gale says, and Bucky presses his lips to the top of his head and keeps them there. "And I'm so happy I don't know how to deal with it. I'm so happy you're the only man that's ever kissed me, touched me. That you're the only man that ever will." He finishes by pressing an openmouthed kiss to his chest before nuzzling against the skin there and Bucky feels lit up from the tips of his toes to the roots

of his hair.

“I love you so much Gale,” Bucky breathes into his hair.

“I love you too, John.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

John and Gale's weekend continues.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The quiet around him is enough to quicken Bucky's progress into full wakefulness. There are no heavy vehicles rumbling to life outside the walls of the room he's in. There are no shuffling feet, no rustling of uniforms or slamming of trunks as men with different jobs, therefore different sleep schedules, start their days. No snoring or nightmares.

It takes only a moment for Bucky to remember exactly where he is, why he slept so deeply and why he'd woken up so happy. It also takes only a moment for him to realize that the top sheet next to him isn't warm, no lingering body heat left behind to feel when he places his palm flat to the empty space beside him.

He opens his eyes and frowns unhappily at the spot next to him, the spot that had been occupied by a very happy, very sated, and very naked Gale the night before. The thick golden colored duvet that had covered the bed had been pulled up to his chin and tucked around his shoulders and he knows his sweet man is responsible for the thoughtful action. He throws the warm, heavy weight off of himself regardless and gets to his feet.

It takes him a minute to find his skivvies, discarded on the floor the night before, and pull them up. He notes that both of their uniforms are now neatly hanging up in the wardrobe that rests in the corner of the large room. The sight of them hanging next to each other makes him roll his eyes at the same time it makes a smile try to win against the frown that had settled upon waking up in an empty bed. Thoughts of their clothes sharing the space in a closet together, not in a hotel room, but in a home of their own flash in his mind briefly before he pushes them away.

He lets the frown take back over his expression completely as he makes his way to the closed bathroom, wanting his displeasure at the situation to be known to the man that *had better be behind that door*.

A quick tap of his knuckles to the wood and a muffled, "Come in,"

from the other side is all it takes for Bucky to swing the door open, relief alive in his chest. One step inside and he curses himself internally because he couldn't frown in the face of *this* if someone put a gun to his head and told him to.

"Good morning, John."

Gale is reclined in the large clawfoot bathtub, back pressed against the smooth white porcelain, water up to his chest. He's got his knees bent slightly, feet firm on the bottom of the tub to keep him from sliding further under.

His hair is damp, falling across his forehead in soft waves. That combined with the angry red scratches across his face and the stark bruising peeking out from behind the curtain of blonde hair at his temple make him look younger than his twenty-five years. Naked and wet and still clearly injured, he looks downright vulnerable, and Bucky feels himself melt a little at the sight of him, mind not yet awake enough to process such a sight.

"You okay?" Gale cocks his head to the side, still reclined on the tub and furrows his brow as he looks at Bucky.

"You did it again." Bucky gets his bearings enough to say.

"Did what again?" Gale looks confused. *And adorable.*

"Went and checked off another first without me." Bucky shuffles closer to the tub and gets on his knees, letting his hands rest on the edge of it while he looks down at Gale in mock-condemnation.

"You telling me you've never had a bath before, Bucky?" Gale raises both eyebrows. "Might make me change my mind about what I wanted to do with you later."

The words and the thoughts they produce make Bucky's face heat and excitement pool low, but he's not done teasing.

"Not the bath," he reaches down and lets his fingers skim the surface of the water just enough to flick some at Gale's face. "I was really looking forward to waking up in the same bed as the man I love for the first time. You got to do it this morning. Why'd you take the chance away from me?"

He throws out his best pout, but Gale's smile has dimmed a bit, which was not his intention.

“You looked so peaceful,” Gale tells him. He lifts one hand and lets it rest on top of the one Bucky still has gripping the edge of the tub. “I didn’t want to wake you. The whole point of being on leave is to rest. Wanted you to get plenty of it.”

Bucky sighs and hunches his back enough that he can rest his chin on the stack their two hands make.

“You’re sweet,” he removes his chin for a brief moment to place a kiss to the top of Gale’s hand before resettling. “But you couldn’t just stay in bed with me? Get a little rest yourself?”

Gale shrugs, but looks sheepish.

“Just had the urge to get up and fold our clothes?” Bucky prods. “Felt sticky and gross after last night and needed a wash?” His voice holds no judgement, just a guess.

The smaller man immediately shakes his head.

“No, Bucky,” his voice is firm. “No part of me felt gross. I actually kind of liked that, waking up like that.” Gale’s cheeks dust pink and he looks briefly down at the water. “Made me feel like yours.”

Bucky’s heart gives an embarrassing thud at the words, and he can’t keep the smile off his face when Gale meets his eyes again.

“You are mine,” Bucky confirms gently, digging his chin into the back of Gale’s hand before lifting it off and letting Gale’s hand slide back into the water. “You gonna answer my question though?”

Gale huffs a small laugh and lets his head lay back again.

“You won’t like it,” Gale tells him, a small smile tugging at his lips even as his words make Bucky frown.

“Is that a fact?” He keeps frowning as Gale nods. “Why’s that?”

“Because you’re a worrier,” Gale says the word low and serious, like it’s a serious condition Bucky’s got. He’s still smiling though, so Bucky tries to keep his cool as well as he can in the face of realization that there might be something to worry about.

“Tell me anyway,” he insists. “Please.”

Gale’s face softens and he turns his head to the side to face him completely. Bucky thinks he looks tired, a little worn.

“Woke up and couldn’t move easy,” Gale shrugs. “My back tightened up again while I was sleepin’ I guess.”

Bucky frowns and lets his eyes drift down to Gale’s shoulders. Gale’s right, he doesn’t like it one bit. And he’s surprised that he’s surprised. Just two days ago, he’d had to help the injured man wash his hair because he’d been in too much pain to raise his arms.

“Thought the hot water would loosen me up a bit.”

“But you still hung up our clothes on the way to the bathroom?”
Bucky questions, exasperated.

“Wrinkles bother me more than back pain,” Gale laughs quietly at Bucky’s glare.

“You’re absolutely ridiculous,” Bucky informs him. He reaches into the water to grab Gale’s hand and bring it back to the surface.

“Your water is barely warm and your hands all prune. Why’d you stay in so long?”

The slender fingers in his grasp give him a squeeze.

“You’re gonna like that even less,” Gale tells him, and Bucky squeezes his hand back.

“What?” Bucky gives him a look, wary and worried.

“Tried to get out once,” Gale looks away, but Bucky reaches out and puts two fingers under his chin to turn his head back. “Got dizzy so I figured I’d try again later. Didn’t feel like having you find me sprawled out naked on our bathroom floor. Not when I plan on wooing you later.”

“Damn it, Gale,” Bucky breathes out. He shuffles closer to the tub until his chest is leaning over the water and lets his hand drift up to brush the wet hair from the other man’s forehead. He glares at the bruising and brings his other hand up as well.

He slicks Gale’s hair back in an imitation of his usual style and then cups both hands around his jaw, framing his face, and looks into his eyes.

“You checkin’ my pupils, Major?” Amusement in his tone.

“I am,” Bucky huffs out, not finding the humor here. “So, keep those

baby blues on me.”

“I’m fine, Bucky.” Gale mutters, but he holds still and lets Bucky look, holds the eye contact.

Bucky takes his time, looks from one eye to the other, forcing himself to look at the black centers and not get lost in the bright blue yonder that always reels him in and makes him weak in the knees. His pupils are equal, they’re tracking his own eyes in sync, and Bucky can’t find anything concerning in them. He lets out a breath and leans his face back a little, let’s his thumbs caress the apples of Gale’s cheeks.

“Do I need to take you to a Doctor?”

“You sure don’t,” Gale shakes his head as best he can with it still held between Bucky’s large hands.

“Can you take a second to think about it before you go spouting off?” Bucky chides him.

Gentle hands, palms and fingers wrinkly from the water come up to grasp his wrists and Gale gives him a smile, letting the weight of his head rest in Bucky’s hands.

“I’ve thought about it,” Gale soothes. “The Doc on base said I might have dizzy spells for a few days. Comes with the territory for concussions. That’s all it was Bucky, honest. I’m fine.”

“I must’ve missed the part where you left my side long enough to get a medical degree,” Bucky can’t help but push, even as he feels himself relenting.

“John, please.” Gale’s grip on his wrists tightens. “I just want to enjoy this weekend with you. I could’ve lied to you, told you I just lost track of time and avoided this whole thing.”

The thought of that, of Gale hiding something from him, makes him blanche.

“But I didn’t,” Gale tsks at him. “I know how much you worry, how much you care. I wouldn’t lie about something like this.”

Bucky can’t help but raise an eyebrow at him.

“So that time you had the flu and just avoided me for half a week so I wouldn’t notice, was what? A mistake? Or how about the time you

didn't tell me that Kidd bruised your rib during combatives? Slipped your mind?"

Bucky feels guilty for bringing up old fights, especially when he'd already decided to believe the younger man about this particular incident. But he feels the need to push, feels like as the danger they face becomes different, becomes more sinister than a virus or a training accident, he needs it confirmed that Gale won't hide from him. And waking up alone after he snuck away from bed into the tub feels like he hid from him again.

"I didn't know you loved me those times," Gale breathes out with a shrug, as if that explanation for his previous actions doesn't break Bucky's heart. There's a small, sad smile on his beautiful face.

Bucky closes his eyes briefly and breathes in, then lets his head fall forward until his forehead is pressed to Gale's. He doesn't know all of the details of Gale's past. He knows that there were twenty years of a life lived by Gale before he showed up in their shared room in Texas, thin as a rail, shy as all hell and the sweetest thing Bucky had ever seen. He hopes one day Gale will tell him everything because the scenarios he creates in his own mind that led to this beautiful, kind, loving man thinking he's not worth a damn, that he's a burden, leave him feeling sick to his stomach whenever the thoughts come up.

"Well, I did love you then," Bucky lets his nose nudge Gale's. "And I love you now." He shuffles enough and turns his head enough to kiss a cheek. "And I'm gonna love you for as long I live." He presses his lips to Gale's and feels a smile form under his own.

He keeps it chaste and pulls back enough to look into those blue eyes again.

"I'm sorry for pushing," Bucky tells him earnestly. "Thank you for telling me. Especially with what it means has to happen now." He sighs, intentionally dramatic and fights the laugh that wants to build at Gale's suddenly narrowed eyes.

"We're not going to a Doctor," Gale moves his hands to the edge of the tub, pushing himself up slightly.

"You are correct," Bucky nods in agreement. "Because Doctor Bucky is here and he's ready to fuss."

"John."

“Gale.”

“Bucky, that’s not what this weekend is about. This is supposed to be a weekend for *us*.”

Gale looks up at him with big blue eyes as Bucky gets to his feet, knees aching from the hard-tiled floor and Bucky just smiles down at him.

“Buck,” he reaches down to ruffle that damp hair, makes it fall back in wisps over the ugly discoloration that makes Bucky’s stomach tighten. “The only reason Harding agreed to us getting a pass is because I harped about how you needed to get away to heal-up from that shit storm of a mission.” Gale pouts up at him and Bucky’s smile grows.

“And what did I tell you I was gonna spend this entire weekend doing?”

Gale’s cheeks color again, and he crosses his arms over his chest.

“Cause last I checked, your memory is as sharp as they come so I know you remember me saying I was going to spend this entire weekend taking care of you.”

“Thought you meant something else when you said that.” Gale smirks up at him and Bucky barks out a laugh.

“Oh, I meant that too, Buck.” The smile Gale gives him at that is small, but it shines in his eyes too.

Bucky turns around and scans the large bathroom until he finds what he’s looking for. He retrieves a large bath towel, marveling at the softness, already eager to use one on himself later, and returns to the tub. He spreads the towel, each hand grasping a corner and shakes it out.

“Up you get, Buck. You’re starting to shiver.”

Gale rolls his eyes at him but grips the edges of the tub and gets his feet under him, moving to stand. Bucky wonders for a flash of a moment if he should avert his eyes, but then he thinks of Gale in his mouth last night and looks his fill.

“Prettiest damn thing I’ve ever seen,” Bucky tells him once he’s standing in the cooling water. Gale must see where his gaze had travelled because he’s huffing a quiet laugh and shifting awkwardly on

his feet.

“Me, or my cock?”

Bucky returns his eyes to Gale’s face and grins at him.

“I haven’t had a chance to spend much time with him,” Bucky looks back down. “I’ll let you know before we go back to base.”

Gale glares at him, but his eyes are dancing with amusement. Bucky shakes the towel again and when Gale steps out of the tub, he closes his wingspan around the smaller man’s frame until he’s completely wrapped in the fabric.

He realizes he’s trapped Gale’s arms, so he uses his own hands to dry him off, getting to his knees to dry his legs before standing to drag it over his hair. When he pulls it away, Gale looks unimpressed, and Bucky feels delighted.

“You’re so fucking cute,” Bucky groans. He leans in and presses a kiss to the tip of Gale’s nose before he moves to the other side of the bathroom, gathering up an item he’d seen when he walked in.

He lets his eyes roam over Gale’s toned, lean body as he approaches, but he quickens his pace when he sees that Gale really is shivering. He shakes out the new fabric and places it over Gale’s shoulders, chucking at the confusion on the other man’s face.

“The hell is this?” Gale asks, even as he moves his arms through the sleeves of the oversized robe.

“It’s a robe, Buck. You alien.”

Bucky bats his hands away and pulls the robe together in the front. He reaches around Gale to find the ties and kisses his lips when the action brings him close enough. When he leans back and ties the robe shut around Gale’s slim hips, the other man is smiling at him.

“These are for women, Bucky.”

“Is it comfortable?”

“s soft,” Gale admits, rubbing his hands down the front of it.

“And I bet it’s warm,” Bucky points out. “So, who cares. Plus, there’s another one. So, we’ll match later when I shower and put on mine.” Bucky waggles his eyebrows, and it gets him his second favorite laugh

of Gale's, the quiet little huffs.

He steps into Gale's space again and softens his smile, lets one hand find Gale's waist, palm curving easily over his hip. His other hand cups a smooth cheek.

"Not dizzy?" He questions, searching those blue eyes so he has a front row seat for the eye roll it gets him.

"I'm not dizzy," Gale tells him, and then adds on a quick, "But I'll tell you if that changes."

The sweet smile Gale gives him is exactly what Bucky thinks it is. Gale trying to get him off his back. He just hasn't figured out yet that, especially after last night, that that is never going to happen.

"And did the hot water loosen up your back?"

The brief hesitation before Gale nods makes Bucky scoff internally.

"Don't lie?" He shoots his own big blues Gale's way and watches him crumble immediately.

"Still hurts," Gale admits. "But it's fine, really. We're always sore after a mission. This one was just a bit rougher than usual."

"And that's just a *bit* of an understatement."

He throws an arm around Gale's shoulder and guides him back into the bedroom, taking note that he's moving more carefully than he was last night. Wonders if he was hiding it better before, or if just got worse.

"Wanna switch to the clean bed to sleep?"

"I'm not going back to sleep, Bucky." Gale laughs, pulling away and heading for their bags.

Bucky wraps his palm gently around his elbow and turns him back around. He walks them both over to the edge of the unused bed and sits down, pulling Gale into his lap. The other man blooms red all the way down his neck to his chest, but he settles his weight across Bucky's muscled thighs and puts his arm over his shoulder to steady himself.

"Just gonna man-handle me all weekend?" Gale mock-glares at him.

"I just might," Bucky teasingly squeezes Gale's slim waist with both hands, leaving them there to hold him close. "Can you do something for me?"

He noses the damp hair, still in disarray from his attempt to dry it, and tries to make his tone as sweet as he can. The weight increasing against his chest brings a smile to his face and he presses his lips to Gale's head as the other man hums his agreement.

"Can you lay down and rest for a bit while I run out and find us something to eat?"

"Bucky," Gale starts, his name falling from his lips on a sigh. "I told you, I'm fine. We can both get dressed and just find a place to grab some breakfast."

"I don't want you dressed," Bucky informs him gently, leaning back to meet his eyes. "I want you relaxed and comfortable and in that robe until I peel it off of you later."

Pressed chest to chest as they are, Bucky can feel Gale's heart pick up speed. He brings a hand up to cup the side of his neck, lets his fingers linger over his pulse point, just to better feel the effect he has on him.

"We're two men in the Air Force and we're at war. When am I going to have another chance to treat you like you deserve? After we finally beat Hitler?"

"Bucky," Gale starts again, but Bucky cuts him off with a press of his lips.

"I've been dreaming of pampering you since I first realized what a sweetheart you are. Can you let me do that, Buck?"

Gale looks into his eyes for a beat before he closes his own and leans in. Bucky meets him halfway, more than happy to accept a sweet kiss from the other man as an agreement.

But soft lips part under his and Bucky moves his hand up to cradle Gale's cheek as slender fingers start playing with the shorter curls on the back of his own neck. He feels Gale's tongue prod the seam of his lips and opens for him, feels him tentatively search out his own tongue and he greets him with enthusiasm, deepens the kiss and swallows the groan that escapes the man in his arms.

Gale shifts in his lap until his knees slide down to plant on either side

of Bucky's hips and he flexes his hands against the soft material of the robe, pulls him closer. He's bare under the robe and when Gale rocks forward in his lap, it's his turn to groan as further evidence of Gale's excitement presses against his own.

He lets his hands drift down until his fingers brush the flesh of Gale's thighs and slides them up under the robe. He licks into Gale's mouth as the other man's breath stutters at the touch, a whimper leaving him as Bucky's hands find their destination and pull him impossibly closer, palms needing the flesh of his cheeks.

"Bucky," Gale breathes out, breaking the kiss.

"You're ruining my plans, Buck," he teases the words along Gale's jaw, down his neck, tongues his pulse point, thrilled at the racing beat he feels there.

"Am I?" Gale grinds down against him, the thin material of Bucky's skivvies the only barrier between them. Bucky nips lightly at Gale's collarbone in retaliation. "I'm just changing the order of events."

Bucky pulls back to get a good look at him. His hair is a mess, his eyes are bright with a playful look in them. His lips are red, kiss swollen already and there is sweat glistening at his temples. Bucky feels his own heart hammering away in his chest, every beat singing Gale's name, calling out to him in a rhythm just for him.

"Well lucky for you," Bucky runs his hands up Gale's back under the robe, fingertips leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. "I'm very good at improvising."

When his hands reach his shoulders, Bucky pushes the soft material down Gale's arms, the white cotton falling to the floor and leaving a very naked Gale squirming in his lap, pretty cock already hard and reaching for him. Bucky groans, letting his eyes wander. He'd see him like this last night for the first time, but he has a feeling every time is going to feel like the first time.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Gale."

His hands slide back down until he can watch them envelop that slim waist. When he looks back up, Gale is blushing, but he doesn't look nervous or embarrassed. He looks hungry.

"You're one to talk, John."

Strong hands come up to rest on Bucky's chest, fingers scratching through the dusting off hair there. Bucky shivers as Gale thumbs his nipple, watches a smirk twist his lip up and then he has to throw his head back and breathe as Gale leans forward and brushes a soft, pink tongue over the same spot. He groans and buries a hand in Gale's hair when his lips close around the bud and he sucks gently at the flesh. He imagines those lips wrapped around another part of him.

His cock twitches, trapped behind its own cotton barrier and his hips pitch forward. A matching groan leaves the man in his arms as they rut together. Bucky pulls Gale's face up, one hand still grasping at the damp blond hair, his other now grabbing a handful of supple flesh and pulling Gale as close as can get him.

The kiss he pulls Gale into isn't sweet this time, it's hungry and messy. Bucky lets his hand leave Gale's hair and drift down to join its partner. Palms Gale's ass. Kneads the muscles beneath his hand, loving the tautness, the strength he feels there, and then starts rocking the smaller man forward until they build a rhythm together.

He feels like he could come just from this. The cotton material of his skivvies is wet, sticking to him and he isn't sure if its from him or from Gale or from a combination of their want. He wants more, but he wants to let Gale set the pace on this one.

Gale pants into his mouth and Bucky swallows a moan that stutters out as Bucky rocks up into him at the perfect angle, their cocks aligning. And then shaking fingers are skimming the waistband of his skivvies before a hand dips inside and wraps around him, pulls him out.

The noise Bucky let's out is punched out of him and he buries his face in Gale's neck, lets himself lick the sweat off of his skin as Gale's thumb brushes over the head of his cock, collects the dampness there before sliding his palm back down around him.

His sexual experience is vast, something he's bragged about with the men, something he knew prompted jealousy among his peers.

But sitting in this hotel room with an inexperienced hand jerking his cock and the most beautiful man he's ever seen sat in his lap, grinding into him messily, he feels like a green boy. Every flick of Gale's wrist, every glide of his hand sends sparks up his spine. His stamina is something he's always been proud of, but right now, it's gone and he doesn't feel embarrassed. He feels giddy.

“Bucky,” Gale groans, hips stuttering.

Bucky pulls his face from Gale’s neck enough to look down and his mouth goes dry at the view. Gale’s got him out of his shorts, his hand gliding smoothly over him with how much he’s been leaking. And Gale, well he’s a *mess*. His cock is hard and he’s leaking too, not the drops pulled from the tip by each stroke of a hand, like Bucky’s. His cock is practically drooling, wetness smearing over Bucky’s flesh as he continues to seek that friction.

“Look at you,” Bucky breathes out and he lets one hand trail around his hips until its resting on his stomach. He halts Gale’s movements and feels his own cock twitch again when Gale’s hips keep rutting forward, seeking out some kind of relief.

“Bucky, please,” Gale’s voice is wrecked, and Bucky doesn’t want to tease him. One day, when Gale is more confident, more sure of himself in this aspect of their relationship, he’ll take him apart slowly.

“I’ve got you, baby,” Bucky places a kiss to Gale’s neck at the same moment he wraps his hand around Gale’s cock. The groan the other man lets out gets buried in his shoulder as Gale’s head falls forward.

The movement of his hand falters for a moment around Bucky’s cock as Gale is lost in his own pleasure. So Bucky pulls him that much closer by the hip and gently knocks Gale’s hand away.

He takes both of their cocks into his own larger palm and both their breaths stutter and catch at the sensation. The glide makes Bucky’s eyes roll back, the feeling of his cock pressed to Gale’s enough to make him clench up. He looks back down, takes in the differences in them, their sizes, their girth and even the color of their hair. So different and yet they fit perfectly together. But looking makes it that much harder to keep it together and he knows he’s almost done for.

“Oh God,” Gale’s breath hitches against Bucky’s shoulder, his whole body tenses up, and then Bucky’s hand is flooded in sticky warmth as Gale comes. The sight of it, the sound, the feeling drives Bucky right over the edge with him.

His eyes clench shut as he moans Gale’s name and works them both through it until he’s too sensitive to the touch and knows Gale must be too. Feelings of love and contentment and things he’s never felt before with another person threaten to overwhelm him.

Gale’s face is still hidden in his neck, so Bucky wraps both arms

around his back and then reclines back onto the bed, pulling Gale with him. With Gale's weight settled on top of him, he relaxes into the mattress and tries to catch his breath, feels the smaller man doing the same against him.

"Still think I ruined your plans?" Lips brush his jaw as Gale lifts his face out of the junction between his neck and shoulder. Bucky huffs out a laugh.

"I think," he presses a kiss to the top of Gale's head and then leaves his lips there. "That I am so madly in love with you and I feel like the luckiest man in the world."

The words leave him even though he'd been planning for something teasing, something playful. Nothing but truth left his mouth though and he can't help but smile into Gale's hair, feeling so overwhelmed and silly and young in this moment.

He's still smiling when Gale lifts himself up enough to look at him. He's still smiling when Gale leans over him and presses their lips together. He's still smiling when Gale whispers, "I love you so much, John," into his mouth.

And he's still smiling when he cleans them both up with a warm, wet rag and tucks Gale back into his fluffy robe and props him up with pillows and kisses the bruise along his temple. Smiles while he watches Gale watch him put his uniform on, love reflected back at him in sky blue eyes.

He smiles all the way down the elevator, on a mission to find them a feast.

Bucky manages to wrestle up an impressive spread of meats to satisfy their hunger and pastries to satisfy Gale's sweet tooth, chest filling with pride at the sleepy look of contentment that spreads across Gale's face as he takes in the bounty Bucky had gathered for them.

They sit up against the headboard in bed, forgoing the small table altogether, pressed together from ankles to hips to shoulders and eat their brunch.

Gale's still in his robe and Bucky still in his dress uniform, minus the

shoes and tie. It makes a strange feeling stir in his chest, the visual paired with his own actions to take care of Gale. He knows that Gale is capable of taking care of himself and that the younger man is the best at taking care of Bucky himself, but everything about this weekend feels perfect to him. He wants to do this for the rest of their lives and the fact that they are about as far away as two people can get from happily-ever-after makes a heavy weight rest on his shoulders.

He wants to shake the thoughts away but his mood must have shifted visibly because a bony elbow nudges his side and earnest blue eyes search his face.

“Where’d you go?”

“Nowhere, Buck. I’m right here with ya.”

Gale gives him a searching look and then shakes his head a bit. His hair is fixed from the mess Bucky made of it earlier, but he didn’t bother with product, and it looks soft and clean, makes him look younger.

“Thought we weren’t going to lie to each other anymore,” Gale nudged him again. “What wiped that pretty smile off your face?”

His words make Bucky’s face heat a bit and he ducks his head, smiling again. Gale just has that effect on him. He’s quiet and he chooses his words carefully in most circumstances, so that you know when he speaks, you need to be listening. But when it’s just the two of them, he lets himself say more, lets himself speak freely. And sometimes he says the sweetest things that threaten to knock Bucky back a step.

“I was thinking about us,” Bucky admits and then hurries to clarify at the upset look creeping into Gale’s eyes. “I was thinking about how I wish it could be like this all the time. How I wish we could be like this all the time.”

He thought he’d feel childish for admitting it. Thought he’d feel selfish for being upset there’s a war on, interrupting their happiness. But he doesn’t feel either of those things.

Gale covers his hand with own, interlocks their fingers and brings them up to his mouth. He presses a soft kiss to the backs of Bucky’s knuckles and then lets their clasped hands fall to rest in his lap.

“I wish that too,” Gale’s thumb strokes over his as he speaks, soothing

him. "But I'm glad we have this weekend and I'll be glad when we find time alone on base next week. I'll be glad when you sit across from me at breakfast and when you sit next to me in a briefing and when you pick me up in the jeep on the runway."

Bucky turns to look at him and finds Gale looking back, smiling softly. Bucky squeezes his hand.

"I'm happy anytime you're near me, John. Even if I wish it could be like this all time, I'll take all those other little moments we get every day, and they'll keep me going."

"You're a romantic, Buck," Bucky teases, but he feels better. Feels light again for the time being.

"You think that's romantic?" Buck raises an eyebrow. "You didn't let me finish."

Bucky huffs a laugh and leans over enough to rest his head on Gale's shoulder. He makes a motion with his hand, beckoning him to continue. The other man is silent for a minute and when he speaks again, his voice is soft, the tone of it sweet and hopeful.

"I'm happy with the small moments I get with you because I know they're all leading to something. They're leading to the end of this ugly war. They're leading to us taking our boys home."

Bucky closes his eyes a moment and imagines that victory party.

"And they're leading to you and me, somewhere far away from here. Just the two of us. We'll be safe and warm and happy and together."

Bucky lifts his head and rests his forehead against Gale's temple, careful not to press too hard. He noses his cheek.

"You and me, Buck."

"You and me."

They kiss and it's slow and sweet and it leads to nothing more and Bucky can't stop smiling again.

They polish off the last of their food amidst quiet conversation about nothing and everything. Bucky recalls a game of darts he and Curt lost against Toby, even after the expert dart thrower was three sheets to

the wind. Gale tells him about Benny getting upset with him when he'd taken Meatball one evening without permission and had come back to a panicking dog-owner, harassing the whole unit for information on his whereabouts.

Bucky tells Gale about what he can remember of his trip to Chicago with his father when he was a kid. Wistfully gesticulates about the hotdogs and the peanuts at the game, about the pizza and the ice cream after the game. About the hustle and bustle of the city.

Gale tells Bucky a quiet story about his mother taking him to their neighbor's stable and letting him meet the horses. How he'd never felt smaller than when he was standing in front of them, but how he hadn't been scared when they'd nosed his hair and huffed in his face with hot breath.

Bucky holds each word spoken close to his heart, cherishing each new thing he learns about Gale. He knows by the way Gale looks at him that the other man is doing the same thing.

When they move to clear away their rubbish, Bucky stops at the sharp inhale that escapes Gale as he sits up.

"Buck," he starts to question at the same time Gale throws him an "I'm fine, Bucky."

Bucky moves quickly to gather the rest of the trash and clears the bed before Gale can move again to help. He puts his hand on his hips and looks down at the robed man.

"Just tightens up when I sit still too long," Gale tells him earnestly, taking their agreement for honesty to heart. A memory pops into his head from two days ago. His hands kneading Gale's slick, wet, tense shoulders in the shower and plans forming for their weekend.

"I have an idea," Bucky smiles and starts unbuttoning his dress shirt. He smirks as Gale's eyes widen and trail the movements of his fingers. "Get you mind outta the gutter, Major."

Gale's cheeks tinge pink but he smirks back. "Think my mind might be permanently in the gutter thanks to you."

Bucky winks at him as he pulls the shirt off his shoulders and drapes it over a chair. He works off his belt and his trousers and socks until he's down to his skivvies again. When he turns back to Gale, he's got his eyebrows raised.

“What’s this idea of yours?”

“I’m gonna give you a massage,” Bucky informs him seriously, crawling back onto the bed. “If you’re amenable, of course.”

“Never had a massage before,” Gale cocks his head to the side, contemplating. “How do you want me?”

“Literally every way, Buck.” Bucky can’t help but say, the weight and the truth of his words make Gale blush again. “But for now, just lay on your stomach for me. See if I can’t work out some of the tension in your back.”

Gale looks at him for a moment, looks like he’s considering something, working himself up to a decision. And then a moment later, Bucky breath catches as Gale slides the robe off his shoulders and arms. Bucky gets a quick glimpse of his cock, soft and mouth wateringly pretty before he rolls over and lowers himself onto his belly and pillows his head on his arms.

Miles of tanned, toned skin lay before him. Gale’s muscled shoulders and back taper down to his trim waist, the spot that’s always begging for Bucky’s hands. He lets his eyes follow the line of his spine until he’s staring at the two pert mounds of flesh, paler than the rest of him. His gaze continues over strong thighs and defined calves, covered in a dusting of light-colored hair.

Inevitably, his eyes end up focused back on his ass. A mostly unexplored area for him when it comes to the other man, but he does feel a swell of primal satisfaction in him at the sight of fingertip shaped bruises lingering from their earlier escapades.

“You seem distracted from your mission,” Gale’s low voice sounds off and Bucky looks up to see him smirking at him over his shoulder. Bucky smiles back, amazed for a moment. Last night Gale had been trembling and shy in the moment he finally let Bucky see him like this. Now he’s all easy confidence, sprawled out with the grace of a wild cat.

“Buck, you are the *definition* of a distraction.” He lets his eyes roam slowly, deliberately down his form again, knowing he’s being watched.

“You gonna use your hands anytime soon, or just massage me with your eyes?”

Bucky takes one last longing look at those perfect cheeks, picturing the moment he finally gets his mouth between them, and scoots forward.

“Think you’re a little over dressed,” Gale turns his back to neutral spine and rests one cheek against his forearms. His tone is teasing, but Bucky can also hear the anticipation in it, and it makes his already stirring cock fill further.

He groans but slides his skivvies off.

“You’re gonna kill me,” he mumbles, and Gale’s quiet chuckle answers him.

Sitting next to Gale, spread out before him like a goddamn feast, he ponders his best next move. He knows that Gale really is in pain, and the thought is an unacceptable one in his mind. He’ll get the best leverage to work out the tension if he straddles him, and Gale is the one that turned this from a kind gesture to something much more, so he goes for it.

He hovers over Gale and plants a knee right above his hip, swings his leg over him until he’s straddled over his lower back. He holds his own weight, not knowing exactly where Gale’s points of pain are. The heat from Gale’s body rises and he can feel it against his inner thighs, his ass. It makes him take a shuddering breath as he rests both hands on Gale’s shoulders, give them a tentative squeeze.

“Where’s it hurt?”

The shoulder under his left hand shrugs. He starts working his hands over the muscles he feels there, still just as tight as they’d been in the shower right after the mission.

“Kinda all over,” Gale breathes of roughly.

Bucky grits his teeth, not liking his answer, but focuses on what he can do to fix it.

“Tell me if I’m hurting you,” he tells the younger man, kneading his thumbs into two particularly tight spots. “I mean it.”

“Feels good, Bucky.”

He smiles and gets to work. The warm skin under his fingers moves with the motions of his hands. He feels Gale tense, feels his breath

hitch and he's about to pause. But then Gale lets out a long exhale and he relaxes again. Bucky continues his task to a familiar pattern, dismayed when he moves on from one spot only to find an equally tight coiling of muscles in the next.

Gale remains spread out and trusting under his ministrations the entire time and Bucky feels warmth bloom in his chest at the sight. He can't help but think back to the shy man he'd introduced himself to at basic. He'd been instantly endeared by him and had accepted the challenge immediately when he'd realized how closed off and uncertain of others he was.

Now, the same man that had flinched the first time he'd reached out to squeeze his shoulder, the same man that had questioned his motives every time he'd shown him kindness and care is pliant under him. Completely bare and vulnerable and confident that Bucky's hands will only ever dole out comfort and pleasure and love.

"I love you," he can't help but breathe out. Now that he's said it once, he wants to say it endlessly. He can't believe he was able to hold himself back from speaking the truth of it right into Gale's skin for so long.

Gale hums under him. Bucky can feel the vibration of the noise in his thighs where they're molded against Gale's sides.

"Love you too, John." Gale reaches back with one arm until his fingers find Bucky's knee. He scratches lightly at the coarse hair there and Bucky can see a smile resting on a relaxed and happy face.

Bucky can't help but lean over him, chest pressed to Gale's back to get the right angle and press a kiss to his upturned cheek. He nuzzles behind Gale's ear and feels his answering laugh inside his own chest. The position puts friction on Bucky's groin, and he's had a low thrum of arousal buzzing in his veins since the moment Gale laid down, bare ass on display. Half hard as he is, he feels the moment Gale notices his interest pressed against his lower back.

Gale's breath hitches and he presses up a fraction and Bucky smiles into his hair.

"Hurting anyone else?" He lets his lips brush Gale's ear and grinds down a little as he fans the words out.

"Little lower than where you were working before." Gale's eyes are closed and he's smiling into his arm. Bucky chuckles and sits back up,

eyeing the expanse of tanned skin beneath him.

He runs the pads of his fingers down Gale's spine and scoots back, hovers over those perfect globes, stops when his fingers reach the dimples that rest just above.

"Here?" He digs his thumbs into the muscles there, feeling less tension than the rest of his back had contained.

A low hum answers him so he massages there for a moment and then lets himself relax. He rests his weight against the tops of Gale's thighs and lets his hardening cock rest against one of Gale's cheeks.

A sharp inhale from Gale makes him rock forward a bit, testing the waters and he feels his heart start to pound in his chest as Gale rocks back to meet him, his hips grinding into the mattress a moment later. The subtle sounds of pleasure escaping the smaller man make his cock twitch against Gale's ass.

"Bucky." There's new tension in Gale's voice when Bucky lets his hands slide lower.

The low moan Gale lets out when Bucky gathers two perfect handfuls in his palms goes straight to his cock. He rocks forward again, seeking a little bit of friction for himself and watches as Gale practically humps the mattress underneath him.

"Jesus, Gale."

The movements under him cease and he sees Gale tremble for a moment before he gets both arms under him and with a swift motion that has Bucky lifting his weight, Gale turns over to his back. The sight that greets him is like it was plucked out of one of his more salacious dreams.

Gale is sweaty and flushed, blotches of red, putting his pleasure on full display, paint down his neck and chest. The muscles in his stomach are quivering and he's panting. His cock, full and hard is resting on his belly, leaking at the tip. It's mouth-watering and almost too much to take and when Gale runs both hands up Bucky's thighs, he feels himself shudder.

Gentle fingers trail over his skin, brush his stomach, his sides. They scratch at the curls that lead from his belly to his groin and then it's Bucky's turn to moan when a soft pressure traces over his cock, teasingly light.

“Buck.”

“Mhm,” Gale smiles up at him, looking lazy and confident and it’s a beautiful sight.

“What do you want?”

“You.”

The simple way he says it makes Bucky’s heart stutter. Affection wells and he drapes himself over Gale until they’re pressed together fully, plants his elbows on either side of his head and kisses him with a hungry desperation. Gale’s hips grind up to meet his own slow grind down and they both moan into the kiss at the feeling.

Bucky sucks on Gale’s tongue, pulling the lingering taste of sweetness from the blueberry pastries he’d consumed earlier into his own mouth. So lost in the sensations, in the pure bliss enveloping him at having Gale this close, he’s caught off guard when Gale suddenly flips him over. His breath leaves him as he’s pressed into the mattress with Gale now astride his hips, grinning down at him.

“I think I’ve created a monster,” Bucky grins back, hands coming up to his favorite spot, curling around Gale’s waist to hold him steady.

Gale cocks his head to the side and Bucky watches as his eyes roam over the length of his body. A deeper blush spreading over his face when his gaze locks onto Bucky’s cock, plumped and begging for attention.

“Wanna try something new,” Gale tells him, eyes coming back to his own. He doesn’t look nervous. “Not sure I’ll be any good at it.” A pink tongue glides over plump lips after the words leave his mouth and Bucky’s hips stutter as he catches the meaning.

“Buck,” he lets his thumbs rub over the sharp points of Gale’s hips. “You don’t have to.”

And Gale gives him a look so tender, so full of affection it almost feels out of place between their sweaty bodies and straining cocks. The next moment, Gale is draped over him, and a sweet, lingering kiss is pressed to his lips, his eyes fall shut as he responds in kind.

“You’re sweet,” Gale says between kisses, “and I love you. And I want to suck your cock.”

Bucky groans at the words, the vulgarity to them out of place on Gale's honeysweet tongue.

"Okay," he manages to breath out and then Gale presses a kiss to his chin and slides down his body. He feels himself shiver at the sensation of soft lips trailing over his neck and chest, a sharp nip to the skin above his hipbone makes him raise his head and when he looks down, Gale is settling himself between his large thighs. He breathes in deep through his nose, excitement and anticipation creating a storm inside him.

The last time someone had done this for him, it'd been a nameless woman outside a nameless pub and it hadn't meant a damn thing. He'd pictured Gale on his knees the entire time and the guilt had almost kept him from enjoying the act in the end.

Now, he's here and he's with Gale and he knows it'll *always* be Gale. Knows it deep in his bones that no one else will ever touch him like this other than the man currently rubbing soothing circles into his thighs.

He props himself up on his elbows, needing to be able see him.

"Tell me if I do it wrong?" Gale asks, looking shy but eager and Bucky can't help but bark out a laugh.

"Just don't bite it off and you'll be perfect." He smiles down at him and grins at the eyeroll he gives him. "You do something to me, Buck. I'm so worked up right now, it ain't gonna take much."

"Just," Gale gives him a look and trails off, so Bucky reaches down to stroke his cheek briefly, endlessly bowled over by the way Gale loves him.

"On the off chance you do something I don't like, I'll tell you Gale. I promise, sweetheart."

It's like his words give Gale the last bit of reassurance he needs because the next moment, he's settling himself down and strong, sure fingers wrap around Bucky's cock, pulling a groan from him. He keeps himself propped up, not wanting to miss a moment despite the strain on his arms.

Gale's slowing pumping him, starring down at the motion his hand is creating and Bucky struggles to keep his hips from moving.

"I like how big you are," Gale mutters, tone almost reverent and Bucky groans once again.

"You got a size thing, Buck?" His own voice sounds breathy, the slow slide of Gale's hand building him up, pleasure pooling in his gut.

"I've got a *you* thing, John," Gale's breathes out against his hip. "But I can't deny that I like that you're bigger than me, makes me feel a way I can't describe. Safe, maybe."

And Bucky's heart bursts and he'd love to say something so endearingly sweet in return, but as soon as the words leave Gale's mouth he licks over the head of Bucky's cock and most of his thoughts leave his brain.

"You taste good." Gale makes eye contact with him, throws him a smile and then takes the crown of Bucky's cock between plump lips, sucks and Bucky is a goner.

He watches in fascination as Gale's eyes close and his face smooths out into an expression of pleasure, and he suckles on the tip of the cock in mouth like he's trying to drink from it. His tongue laves the slit and Bucky's hips twitch involuntary.

An apology is on his tongue, but Gale moans and starts moving his hand, still wrapped around him and he slides Bucky further into his mouth.

And Bucky wants to watch, but it feels too damn good and he's shaking apart, so he lets himself fall back against the mattress and focuses on staying still, wanting Gale's first time doing this to be at his own pace. He lets himself feel, lets the sensations of Gale's mouth around him flood him. The tight, wet, warm heat of him is almost too much and he can't keep quiet.

"Gale," he moans out. He reaches down and lets his fingers get tangled in that blond hair. He doesn't pull or hold him, just soothes his fingers along his scalp.

Gale moans around his cock and takes him deeper, gags a bit and backs off a little. His tongue glides along the underside of his cock and it's clumsy and messy and absolutely perfect.

He knows he's not going to last much longer; his thighs are shaking and he feels it building up, but he has to see him again. Has to capture this picture in his mind for when they're back on base pretending to

be just buddies, for when all he can get away with an arm around his shoulders most days.

But the sight that greets him when he lifts his head is too much. Gale's eyes are on him, watching him fall apart. They're wet, watering and bright. His face is flushed and he's drooling around the cock that has his lips stretched obscenely wide. But what really gets him is when he looks down the length of him and sees that his hips are pumping in tandem with the bob of his head, humping the mattress unashamedly. He can't touch himself because he's got one hand wrapped around Bucky's cock and the other gripping the meat of thigh.

He feels his balls tighten and his pleasure crests. He tightens the hand in Gale's hair, ready to pull him off as he groans out a strained, "Gale, I'm gonna come."

But Gale just sucks harder, takes a visible breath through his nose and pumps Bucky to his peak.

Bucky throws his head back and moans too loud to be decent as he shoots down Gale's throat, feels him swallow and then choke and then he takes the crown back into his mouth and suckles him and Bucky swears his vision goes white as Gale moans around the mouthful of him.

Gale wrings every last drop from him and Bucky comes back to himself to the sensation of soft, feather-light kisses being pressed along the length of his softening cock. He leans back up to look down at him and can't keep the face-splitting grin off his face when hazy blue eyes meet his.

"Get up here," he commands, gently tugging Gale with a hand around his bicep. Gale grins back at him and shimmies his way up until Bucky can capture his smile with his own. He deepens it, tastes himself on Gale's tongue and then remembers that he's supposed to be a gentleman.

"You turn," he punctuates his words with a squeeze to Gale's ass and feels him laugh against his lips.

"M'good," he mumbles out and Bucky pulls back to look at him questioningly.

He looks a little embarrassed, cheeks coloring once again and Bucky moves his hips a bit, exploring, eyes widening when he feels sticky wetness and a soft cock against his stomach.

“Buck,” he groans and the flush on Gale’s face spreads down his neck.

“I really liked doing that,” Gale shrugs, a sheepish smile pulling at his lips.

“You’re too damn perfect.” Bucky wraps both arms around him and pulls him tight to his chest, heart warming when he feels Gale bury his face into his neck and sigh into the skin there.

“I ain’t gonna lie,” Bucky runs his fingers up and down Gale’s back. “I’m a little jealous of the mattress right now.”

Gale pinches his side and chuckles, hiding his face further.

“And I’m never gonna be able to watch you put a toothpick in your mouth without having flashbacks to this,” Bucky tells him, only half-joking. “Seriously, Buck. That was the best damn thing I’ve ever felt.”

“Well just know that every toothpick that goes in my mouth will just be a substitution for my new favorite thing.”

“You little shit,” Bucky laughs and rolls them over so he’s pressing Gale into the mattress. “You can’t say something like that and then expect me to function in polite society.”

And Gale’s looking up at him with joy in his eyes, unrestrained and with no barriers between them. He looks so damn happy that it makes Bucky’s eyes sting. He brushes the hair off of Gale’s forehead and presses a gentle kiss to his lips and then just stares at him some more, smiling as Gale just stares back. He wants to stay right here until the war ends.

“Wanna take a bath with me?” Bucky asks him.

“Okay,” Gale agrees, still smiling.

Hot water laps against the sides of the porcelain tub, sloshing precariously close to the edge with the two grown men increasing the volume. Gale reclines slowly, settled between Bucky’s spread legs, until he’s resting comfortably against his broad chest. He turns his head slightly and presses a kiss to Bucky’s pulse point before letting it pillow on his shoulder.

Gale's hands trace gentle patterns into Bucky's thighs and Bucky rests his own large paws on the flat planes of Gale's stomach, holding him close.

"Comfortable?" Bucky asks, nosing at the hair behind Gale's ear.

"Very," Gale smiles. "Been comfortable all weekend, Bucky."

"Me too," Bucky gives him a squeeze. "How's your back feeling?"

"Better. You've got magic hands."

Bucky chuckles, letting the less than decent thoughts run through his mind and fall away instead of voicing them.

"And your head?"

"It's fine, Bucky." Gale sighs, sounding a little exasperated.

"Just making sure," Bucky prods a finger into the soft skin of stomach, grinning when he flinches in his hold and then swats the knee that's sticking above the water. The water sloshes out of the tub at their movements and Gale presses his weight back further onto Bucky's chest.

"Cut it out," Gale admonishes. "You're making a mess."

"Well, it's not exactly a tub built for two people. Especially one as *big* as myself." Bucky puts as much smugness into his tone and feels Gale sigh.

"You teasin' me?"

"Almost always, Buck."

Gale huffs a laugh and shakes his head.

"Maybe I should go back to keeping all those kinds of thoughts in my head if you're just gonna make fun of 'em. I'll go back to being that shy, quiet kid you claimed in Texas, and it'll be no one's fault but yours."

It's Bucky's turn to laugh, but he also pictures Gale back then and can't help the way his heart softens at the thought.

"You're always gonna be that shy, quiet kid in a lot of ways, Buck. I was real sweet on him." Bucky lets his fingers dance along Gale's

stomach. “But I want you to tell me everything you’re thinking. I want to know everything about you.”

Gale’s quiet, but he’s relaxed and content.

“And I gotta admit something,” Bucky tells him. “I like it too. That you’re smaller than me.”

He feels Gale’s breath hitch a bit.

“I know that you’re strong and you’re tough as hell and that you can take care of yourself. I know that you’re a better pilot than me.” He feels Gale move a bit, no doubt ready to protest that last part, but Bucky shushes him gently. “And I know that if we were to spar in training, you’d probably knock me on my ass.” Gale huffs a laugh at that, but he doesn’t disagree.

“But I love that I can cover you up completely and hide you from the world. I love the way you feel in my arms.” He noses along Gale’s temple and lets his lips brush his ear. “I love that I make you feel safe because I’ve never felt safer than when I’m with you.”

He’s never had anyone in his life that just flat out likes him the way Gale always has. He’s the only one that lets him be his true self and just genuinely accepts everything that comes with it.

“I also *really* love that my hands almost touch when I put them around your waist,” he can’t help but add, moving his hands to demonstrate below the water. “Makes me want to feed you a ten-course meal, but I love the way it feels to hold you there. Does something to me.”

Gale places his hands over Bucky’s and squeezes them.

“Does something to me too,” he admits quietly. And Bucky finds he really like this new honesty policy they’ve agreed on.

“And I don’t know what it is, but I just want to take care of you, Gale. I want that so bad it hurts whenever I can’t.”

“Think that’s love, John.” Gale leans up and presses a kiss to his cheek. “And I feel the same way.”

Bucky hums, finding that that explanation rings true, and he feels warm from the inside out.

“One day, it’s gonna be you and me and no one else for miles. And

we'll just take care of each other for the rest of our lives.”

“That right?”

“This weekend is just a preview of what’s to come, baby.”

Water sloshes over the edge of the tub as Gale shifts around until his knees are planted on either side of Bucky’s hips.

“Promise?” Gale’s electric blue eyes seem a little bright as he breathes out the question.

Bucky frames his face in his large palms, stokes his cheeks and smiles at him. He doesn’t know what the war will allow them to have. He could go down next week, or Gale could. The thought of it being Gale is unbearable, but he has to shove all that down. He has to have hope.

The most beautiful man in the world is sitting in his lap and he belongs to Bucky. And he’s asking Bucky to promise him that they’ll have a future together. That they’ll get a happy ending.

So even though it might be a lie, he smiles and presses a kiss to those pink, pouty lips and breathes out the words that Gale needs to hear.

“I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

I might add to this eventually, but I also might not. I have other 'firsts' for the series planned out that I will be working on first.

Hope you liked it!

Come yell at me on Tumblr about these silly men -
@joeyalohadream

End Notes

Chapter two coming soon featuring a massage (more smut) and a bath. And so much fluff you'll get cavities.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!